

The Coach's Impotent Athlete

I need more foreplay,
she said. could you
maybe play with my
breasts a little more?

I took the left one,
the larger of the two,
& dribbled it
across the room
like a basketball.

but you always
ignore the other one,
she complained.

so I grabbed the
right one & wore it
like a skull cap
as I dribbled
into the bathroom
& dunked the left
one
into the toilet.

I feel like your
heart isn't in
this, she said.

An Intellectual Friend

has a roomful of books,
a work in progress
he calls a trilogy,
& a woman with
quite huge breasts.

he's read the books
& keeps trying to
engage me in a
literary discussion,
or read to me
from his trilogy.

he talks so much
& so abstractly
he even makes his
woman sound dull.

& though I don't
know her like he
does, she just
quietly proffered
me one of those
breasts.

it seemed to me
quite wonderful.

-- Albert Masarik

San Francisco, CA